Weather Forecast Fair and Warmer

VillageDaily

Sept. Two Cents CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA Per Copy Vol. 1. No.

Pilot - Dalton Battle Due

LOCAL BOYS MAD WANTA DO BATTLE

Is Walter Pilot full of bolony as the Dalton's say, or is Frank Dalton going into the ring at the Post with him to prove who is the better man?

This question was being asked today in Carmel sporting circles as Walter Pilot was flourishing a roll of hundred dollar proportions, and Jack Dalton was saying that Pilot couldn't lick a well known postage stamp.

Pilot is alleged to have offered to fight Frank Dalton any place, any where, if the Dalton's will put up a hundred of the best to match his.

When interviewed today, Jack Dalton said, "A hundred dollars? Why, I haven't even got a hundred dollars, and why should I let my boy Frank take Walter Pilot's?"

It is understood that the whole row is the result of a none too gentlemanly altercation which took place recently when somebody walked on somebody else's face. Dalton said "I want my boy to enter any ring available, wear five ounce gloves, and knock the tar out of this guy. Winner take all, and we'll soon see who's who around here."

(Watch for Pilot's statement tomorrow).

Joseph Freeman's lecture will be given next Sunday, instead of last Sunday, we learned today. (First as usual with the news). The John Reed Club sponsors the affair which will commence at 8:15 on September 17. Intellectuals welcome.

Word is received from Jean Petersen of Carmel that his brother is to swim in the Golden Gate event next week. Mr. Petersen also is on the Stanford team.

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ASK US

Village Press

THE VILLAGE DAILY

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EDITORIAL

Well, here's another day and this offensive publication is still in existence. But don't give up hope, it can't last . . . nothing as brilliant as a sheet that publishes such poetry as that of Senor Montez and Aguinaldo et cie, should last.

Incidentally, the Daily would be very grateful to know just who is writing that stuff. Is it one of our big shots in disguise, or is the local Filipino colony our true supporter?

We understand that all our worthy competitors give the Daily ten more days to live . . . that's too long.

Frank Garvin, the fellow who made so many nice batons for Michel Penha to bust, brought us in a nifty ash tray today. Thanks, Frank!

Incidentally, there's a lot of things this place could do with, some oil paintings, a couple of Turkish rugs.

Come in and see the swell Tunisian shawl that Teresa Duranti brought us, after yesterday's Intimate Interview. There's something in being a publisher, after all.

The dog catcher was in again. Go home, Rags!

We're in the market for some short, slightly humorous articles. We pay with subscriptions!

Dear Mr. Editor please I Filipino house boy send you poem I Sing Carmel Sunset which my good friend Felipe Agaten Pedro Cruz say I steal poem which I not do because I find poem when room I clean and think very pretty poem. Yesterday Felipe not speak to me then I know why when I read I steal poem and he cut me with barong maybe but I get help maybe from my cousin who work Salinas lettuce orchard very good prizefighter so I write letter to him maybe so get help if there might be riot. I write now poem please which not find but which nearly very good please thank you if you please.

—Aguinaldo Francesco Jose Juan Perry Mentez

Carmel-Eta Inn

Open Until 11 p. m.
Ocean Avenue
SADE LATHAM
Manager

I SING MAKE LOVE IN MOONLIGHT

I like sit in moonlight
With Dolorez who pretty girl
She have brown eye with blach hair
Who teeth white like milk
Which she drink to be well
Red dress she wear very pretty
She sing and play guitar to
Maybe she marry me if save money
I play guitar and ukelale to
My heart it happy when she say
She love me
But I know she lie
When I look in her black eye

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STEVE PATTERSON,
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INTIMATE INTERVIEWS

No. 3

Although it is alleged that the place is closed at 11 p. m., after that hour is the best time to get acquainted with Sade Latham of the Carmel-Eta Inn . . . if you can take it.

A gathering place of the Bohemians, Hately, Van Houtte, Milton, and even Dave Cooke, after 11 p. m. no Babbitt is safe there. But all day long, breakfast, lunch or dinner, its a grand place to get good food.

Mrs. Latham is a former member of the greatest business there is, the show business, and that's perhaps why Frederick Burt and Helen Ware are there so often.

Maybe that's where Arthur Hately learned how to steal shows . . . . but the real Rabelais of the place is that champion gofer . . . Milton . . . . what a wit!

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